

# A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR

Learn both to work and to pray,  
Let holiness have its royal place—  
And a world is yours to sway.

The power of right is more than might—  
The weakest ones are strong  
When they reach above to the hand of Love  
And goodness conquers wrong.

The ages in passing have garnered their store,  
Have brought things good and true,  
But Time's unfolding has left no gift  
Like the gifts he has left for you.

For you, my girl, who, more than queen,  
May hold a royal place  
By the winsome charms of beauty and youth,  
And the power of goodness and grace;  
For hearts are breaking, and souls are sad,  
There are lives to brighten and cheer,  
There's hope in the touch of a kindly hand,  
And a smile may dry a tear.

And, remember, your right of dower, my girl,  
Is gaining a world from sin,  
Is strengthening manhood's noblest aims,  
Is womanhood's crown to win.  
Then strive, my girl, for all that's pure,  
And seek for all that's true,  
Be thoughtful and loving, and gentle and kind,  
For the world has need of you.

—Jennie L. Lyall, in Christian Work.

## PREPARING THE WAY.

LIZABETH had run away from school to find her "mental balance," she assured herself.

"Seems to me you look kind of run down," Mr. Simeon Goldthwaite said, as he met her at the small country station.

"No, Uncle Simeon, it's just the other way. Haven't you ever wound your watch so tight that you had to give it a shake to set it going?"

"Yes, I have," and he remained silent a moment to get the full force of the illustration. "I guess you're right. These schools 're hard on the mainspring."

Elizabeth settled back in the sleigh restfully. She had never been in the real country in midwinter before, although a portion of more than one summer vacation had been spent with this kind Uncle Simeon. His home was only 20 miles from Hawthorne, where she was a pupil in the famous Hawthorne school, while her own was in another state several hundred miles away. When the invitation came to spend the latter part of Christmas week and New Year's at the farmhouse her first sensation was a shiver. Then she had said: "What do I care for the cold? I'm freezing inside here, and a few frosts bites outside will only be a counter-irritant."

But there was little danger of freezing in Uncle Simeon's sleigh with a foxskin robe tucked around her and Aunt Agatha's big shawl over her warm jacket. The December air was a clear, bracing cold, the snow was packed and crusted on either side of the roadway, and Doll, the good gray horse, trotted just fast enough to keep the sleigh-bells jingling with a monotonous and restful sweetness. Her world of duties and perplexities was leagues behind. This new world, with its wide reaches of pure white, untrodden fields, its circling mountains clear-cut against the blue-gray sky, its lines of forest with their indescribable shades of coloring—this world was a delightful surprise. Slowly she disentangled her thoughts from this fascinating outlook and brought them back to her uncle's words.

"I ought not to let you think I've been studying too hard," she said. "I've been a naughty girl, and my heart aches. I'm all out of sorts with myself—that's the trouble."

"Sho! You don't mean to say! I never thought you was naughty. You come of a steady-going race," and he gave her a quick glance over his fur collar as if to read her face.

"Oh, I haven't been 'cutting up,' Uncle Simeon, but I've had trouble—with my very, very dearest girl friend, and we don't speak to each other." The last words were almost a sob.

Simeon Goldthwaite had been a class-leader for many years, and had learned to read the inner life of old and young in his small circle. It is a great gift—that of genuine, unselfish sympathy with other people, but this simple-hearted man had received it, and used it with reverence.

they follow her. But I don't care so much for that—it is her friendship I miss. But she doesn't seem to care at all."

"You can't be sure how that is, for no two bear trials alike. But, 'pears to me, 'Lizabeth, I wouldn't let it run on like this much longer. Why don't you speak yourself?"

"I'm not at fault, Uncle Simeon, and she is. She ought to come to me."

"Tain't right not to speak, though. Right over there lives a man and his wife that haven't spoke to one another for five years," and Mr. Goldthwaite pointed with his whip to a small brown farmhouse, its windows blazing with splendor reflected from the sunset.

"Why, how strange! Did you say they were married people?"

"Yes, and growing old. They had trouble over some money, and she declared she'd never speak to him till he told her what he'd done with her better money. Well, he wouldn't, so there they've lived—both church members, too—all these years."

"How do they manage when they want to tell each other about work, and such things?" Elizabeth asked, full of interest.

"Oh, they had their youngest son till he left home to set up for himself. Then they took a town's poor girl, and when she was gone to school Miss Abbott would tell the cat what she wanted. I was in there one day and she says: 'Tabby, I s'pose you know the pump needs fixing. If it ain't done the water'll freeze.' And Abbott says: 'All right, Tab.'"

Elizabeth laughed. "Oh, how foolish!"

"Terrible! Well, I've talked to 'em, and this year I says to him: 'Now, Abbott, I says, 'you're growing old, and here 'tis Christmas week and the year 'most gone. Why don't you just settle old difficulties and begin the new year right? You know and I know,' says I, 'that you bought land with that money. Why don't you tell her so?' 'Oh, she suspicious me,' says he. 'She'd ought to know I'd take good care of the money.' Then I told him that when a woman worked hard all summer to earn money she'd a right to know where it went to. But I couldn't move him. And now Christmas week's going fast, and if they don't get reconciled before New Year it'll go on 12 months longer."

"What makes you think so, Uncle Simeon?"

"Well," and he began to make crosses upon the snow with his long whip, "because it's the fitting time to wipe out old scores and begin over again; be-

cause the forgiving time comes just before the good-resolution time. Didn't you ever think of it? When I think of that Baby over in Bethlehem and all those angels singing about peace, I wonder we don't learn the lesson faster. 'Peace on earth' doesn't mean just betwixt nation and nation, but betwixt families and friends first of all. We'd ought to bring our grudges and our enmities right to the manger and let the Baby put His hand upon them. You can't hold spite when you're looking into a cradle. That's the lesson I get every Christmas. Old Isaiah speaks about a Child leading us, and so I says: 'Lead on, little Child!' And everything in me that's like a wolf or a lion or a leopard or a poison reptile seems to die. Then comes Christmas week—time to write letters or go to see the ones that don't like you; and then comes New Year's, and there you are, all ready to make good resolutions."

"But if I make them I break them," sighed Elizabeth.

"It's likely, it's very likely; but that's the only way to climb, sure's you live. You can't afford to throw away a ladder when you break a rung. Put in another and go ahead. But here we be, and I'll warrant your Aunt Agatha's got a supper that'll make you laugh."

That night, after Elizabeth was snugly tucked between the blankets and half buried in Aunt Agatha's best feather bed, she heard a tapping at her door.

"'Lizabeth," said her uncle, "your aunt and I have been summoned to Mr. Abbott's. They think she's got a stroke. We may be gone all night, but don't you be a mite afraid, for we'll lock the door and take the key."

Elizabeth's first impulse was to spring up and follow them, but the next was to stay in the nest, even though the loneliness was dreadful to contemplate. She heard the front door close, and the light from their lantern flickered for a moment across her window. Then an intense stillness settled over everything.

"Oh, I hope she don't die before they speak," she whispered to herself. "How dreadful that would be! What if Alice

had had a stroke? Wouldn't I just kiss her and cry over her and forgive everything—everything? I couldn't bear it. I'll write to-morrow morning and tell her I love her. There! I feel better already. I do love her, and I love everybody. I'm glad Uncle Simeon called Christmas 'the forgiving time.' I'm glad there was a little Child who brought peace, and I love Him to-night."

The sudden happiness which filled her heart, driving out the pride and jealousy and bitterness of three long months, gave her a sweet sense of companionship and comfort; she went to sleep like a child who has just found its mother.

The morning sun was shining, her uncle and aunt had returned, and breakfast was nearly ready, when she dressed and ran downstairs.

"Did they speak? Is she alive?" were her first questions.

Her uncle knew why such interest was felt in strangers, and hastened to answer: "At first we didn't know as she'd recover, but we did the best we could, and by 'n' by the doctor got there. But before he came Abbott leaned over the bed, and says he very slow and distinct: 'I paid the butter money towards the hill pastur, Clorinda.' And she sensed it. She made a desperate effort to speak, and says she: 'John.' That was all, but it showed—"

At this point Uncle Simeon turned to the window and looked out toward his neighbor's in silence.

"The Lord was good to give 'em a chance to speak together again," chirped Aunt Agatha, as she placed the coffee pot on the table.

As soon as possible after breakfast Elizabeth sat down at her uncle's desk in one corner of the spacious kitchen and wrote a long letter to Alice. It was such a letter as she might have written from the planet Mars, if she had been visiting that mysterious orb, for she felt possessed of "another world's spirit." It was a true girl's letter, full of adjectives and exclamations, but had she written it sitting beside the manger-cradle, it could have breathed no less selfish affection.

"One day more in this year; then, will it be 'Happy New Year' for me?" she asked herself again and again, as she devoted herself outwardly to her friends. Her uncle knew she had written, and guessed her anxiety.

"Whatever happens, you've prepared the way," 'Lizabeth," said he. "I don't believe anybody has a real happy New Year unless he 'casts up a highway and gathers out the stones.'"



"TABBY, I S'POSE YOU KNOW THE PUMP NEEDS FIXING."

cause the forgiving time comes just before the good-resolution time. Didn't you ever think of it? When I think of that Baby over in Bethlehem and all those angels singing about peace, I wonder we don't learn the lesson faster. 'Peace on earth' doesn't mean just betwixt nation and nation, but betwixt families and friends first of all. We'd ought to bring our grudges and our enmities right to the manger and let the Baby put His hand upon them. You can't hold spite when you're looking into a cradle. That's the lesson I get every Christmas. Old Isaiah speaks about a Child leading us, and so I says: 'Lead on, little Child!' And everything in me that's like a wolf or a lion or a leopard or a poison reptile seems to die. Then comes Christmas week—time to write letters or go to see the ones that don't like you; and then comes New Year's, and there you are, all ready to make good resolutions."

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The answer came on New Year's morning. A youth rode from the village on purpose to bring it, for it bore a special delivery stamp. He had never seen one before, and waited until Elizabeth tore it off for him. She read the first words and broke down, laughing and crying hysterically.

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated Uncle Simeon; "if she's gone back on you—"

"No, no!" Elizabeth sobbed, "she hasn't. I'm crying because I'm so happy. Read it and you'll see."

He picked up the letter. It was written "vertically," and he was not acquainted with that style of penmanship; but he soon made out: "My precious, precious Elizabeth. Forgive me, forgive me. I was to blame, and I've been so unhappy. I shall tell all the girls how wicked I was to let those words go uncorrected when I saw they were being taken in earnest. They were only spoken in jest at first, but my proud, stubborn heart wouldn't confess. How could you write first when you weren't at fault? Will I begin all over again? Won't I? For the first time in months I look forward to a happy New Year."

"That's the talk," said Uncle Simeon, pausing to wipe his eyes. "You have your forgiving time, and now you've got your happy New Year."—Zion's Herald.

To the New Year.  
Come, little boy, so fresh and new!  
Till you are sear and yellow.  
I'll be your chum and go with you,  
And there's my hand, young fellow.

For just one year let us be friends  
In every kind of weather,  
And like two well-assorted ends  
May we meet well together.

## REMORSE LEADS TO SUICIDE.

Ignominious Death of a Once-Famous Scout and Friend of Buffalo Bill.

Honolulu, Dec. 17, via San Francisco, Dec. 25.—Frank P. Bennett, the well-known American scout, committed suicide here by shooting himself in the head last Thursday evening, December 13. His suicide followed the death, by poisoning, of Miss Clara Schneider, a young woman with whom he had much associated. Bennett was an Indian fighter of national reputation, having been one of three survivors of the famous company of which Buffalo Bill is best known, and having taken a prominent part in running the Apache Geronimo to earth.

Miss Schneider was a domestic in the family of Hon. Paul Neumann. A post mortem examination showed that her death had been due to morphine poisoning. Documents indicated that Bennett had borrowed \$400 from her. On the night before Miss Schneider's death she left her home, it is said, for the purpose of meeting Bennett. She did not return home till early the next morning, and was not seen alive again except for a few unconscious moments at the last.

The post mortem indicated that the morphine had been taken with some food. It is not known whether she met Bennett that night or not, but she said that she was going to see him and get the money. Bennett shot himself the day after the girl's death, but his body was not found until three days later, when the police were looking for him to ask about Miss Schneider.

## THE MURDEROUS INSTINCT.

A Drunken Indian Runs Amuck—Shoots Several Men and Is Himself Wounded.

Muskogee, I. T., Dec. 26.—John Tiger, a full-blood Indian, a ferryman on the Arkansas river, two miles south of Eufaula, went to Eufaula with his wife, yesterday afternoon, and while intoxicated, met L. B. Roper and threatened to kill him. Roper immediately struck Tiger with a board, no words passing between them. Tiger went to his buggy, got a Winchester and came back to kill Roper, but failed to find Roper on his return. Enraged, he shot Jesse Beck through the hips, killing him; shooting and killing Dave Porter, a nephew of Chief Porter, a mover named Johnson, on his way to Missouri in a covered wagon with his family. Bud Taylor, aged 18, a boy was shot through the shoulder. Tiger jumped on a horse and tried to escape, but was pursued. Tiger was chased three miles, when he jumped off his horse, got behind a tree and began shooting. Deputy Marshal Johnson, who returned the fire, struck Tiger in the arm. The murderer surrendered and was brought to Eufaula. Tiger's arm will have to be amputated.

Great indignation prevails over the free sale of liquors and fire arms. J. Smith, who lives two miles south of Cherokee, became involved in a quarrel with T. Thompson over the shooting. Thompson being mortally wounded.

## BLOODY CHRISTMAS AFFRAY.

Two Brothers Use Their Revolvers With Probably Fatal Effect—Wounded and Captured.

Carbondale, Ill., Dec. 26.—At Virgennes, yesterday, Joe and Jake Davidson, brothers, became involved in a quarrel with Henry Fox, a prosperous farmer, during which Joe Davidson shot Fox in the abdomen. Other shots were fired which wounded, probably fatally, Poe Pyatt, a bystander. The brothers fled, and a small posse was sent after them. A few miles from town three men named Tippey, Grain and Hole, overtook the brothers, and demanded their immediate surrender. A running fight took place, and both the brothers were wounded, one being shot through the eye and probably fatally injured, while the other was badly wounded in the shoulder. They were captured and last night placed in jail. It is thought that at least three of the wounded men will die.

## USED OFFENSIVE LANGUAGE.

An Excitable Doctor Meets More than His Match in a Female Patron.

Wichita, Kas., Dec. 25.—A dispatch received here says that Dr. Ward, of Naples, I. T., has surrendered and was placed under bond. Debating with a widow, Mrs. Gibson, at a schoolhouse library, he used offensive language, and she is said to have threatened to kill him. Later he met her on the road and she refused to give him half the highway. He sent her a bill for previous medical services, and she refused payment. In an excited condition he went to her dugout, a few days ago, and bombarded her with a Winchester. Thinking he had killed her, he gave his gun to a bystander and fled. The affair has caused no end of excitement at Naples.

## AN ALLEGED EMBEZZLEMENT.

Waynesboro, Ill., Dec. 26.—Thomas Jay, Indianapolis (Ind.) manager for the Frick Manufacturing Co. of Waynesboro, and champion bowler of the state, was arrested Monday on the charge of embezzlement. His shortage is variously estimated from eight to twelve thousand dollars, but can not be definitely determined until an examination of his books has been made.

Mr. Rinehart, president of the company, would not give any information concerning the discrepancy.

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